

Dear Sister

When I was young, I always wanted to play with my sister. I wanted us to be like the friends I'd seen on sitcoms on TV. I would try so hard, trotting after her, panting like a speckled puppy.

Sister, do you want to go play on the swing set?

I'll give you a push if you like.

But she would refuse time and again.

You're so annoying, go away. You weirdo, leave me alone.

These phrases were the only attention she ever gave me. So I left. I never tell her how those words made me feel, now that we're older. I don't want her to feel bad. We get along well now, and we even go to movies sometimes. I buy the tickets and she buys the snacks.

We gorge ourselves on popcorn and Sour Patch Kids,
gluttonous pigs stuffing our immense maws to the brim.

We always liked *The Pink Panther*. We would quote Steve Martin's lines regularly as if they were our own. She never used to love me the way I loved her. Maybe I was weird, maybe she was. But now she loves me like I love her. Oh, it took a time. Days ticked by, weeks dashed around like ants to the dead bird, and years swallow whole humans like boas, squeezing so tightly out of affection.

But now she loves me, just like I love her.

Like Buddha fixes those destined for Nirvana, finally: In the end I fixed her.